

Oh, Messiah

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*And I fear religion.
Rightfully so, I suppose.*

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Seek sanctuary, just for your solace.
May your martyr carry you on broken knees.
Your messiah is benevolent, though were your cries answered?

Martyr, what prayers of yours were full-filled?
Zealot, is self-sacrifice pure humility, or naivety?
Messiah, are my pleas tainted, or is your omnipotence superficial?

Carry the broken cross, nails grazing flesh.
Wear the thorned crown, malice forming arcanias.
Follow the debacles will, or be eternally damned to the abyss.

Martyr, do you bring me salvation, or claim the divine's deeds?
Zealot, do you serve from passion, or fear from infernal-damnation?
Messiah, why haven't you smited me, for my acts of blasphemy and obloquy?

While you seek redemption in prophecy, I cherish all earthly beauty.
While you tantalize ignorant verses, I preach nihilism, not apathy.
While you wait on your knees for your savior, I'll be acting for the common welfare.

So Messiah, is your martyr so faithful now?
So Messiah, is your zealot still virtuous as a paladin?
So Messiah, is your salvation still true?